DARK HORSE COMICS

CYBERPUNK 2077

KICKDOWN

[#04/04]

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CD PROJEKT RED

CYBERPUNK 2077

KICKDOWN

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SCREECH

NIGHT CITY'S *MOST RUTHLESS GANG?*

THAT'S THEM RIGHT THERE--THE *NCPD.*

MOST FOLKS WOULD SAY THE *ANIMALS,* OR *MAELSTROM...* CAN'T BLAME 'EM.

TOUGH KEEPIN' YOUR COOL WHEN THE *PSYCHOFREAK* STARING YOU DOWN'S MORE *CHROME* THAN HUMAN.

BUT OUTTA ALL THE SCUM IN THIS TOWN, THE WORST ARE THOSE WHO TOTE A BADGE.

MOTHERFUCKERS WITH A *GOD COMPLEX,* THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING.

HELL--MOST TIMES, THEY'RE *RIGHT.*

GRAB A BAG, START PACKING.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WHOA, HEY-- USE ***WORDS,*** MINT! HELL'S GOIN' ON?!

MINT!

YOU...YOU GOT TILL MIDNIGHT TO PACK ALL YOUR STUFF. THINK YOU'LL MANAGE?

TAKE MY WHOLE LIFE, STUFF IT INTO A BAG, AND SAY ADIOS TO NIGHT CITY IN JUST A FEW HOURS? SURE--NO SWEAT, BOSS.

I... I GOTTA GO...

WHATEVER IT IS, YOU'LL MANAGE JUST FINE.

STREETSIDE. BE READY, WAITIN' FOR ME.

ALWAYS WONDERED. WHEN SHIT GOT FUCKED UP, DOWN, AND SIDEWAYS, WAS *THIS* WHERE DAD CAME?

FOUR MINUTES, THIRTY SECS, FORTY-FOUR MILLISECS.

CAN'T COUNT THE TIMES I TRIED TOPPIN' HIS RECORD...

SAME NUMBER OF TIMES I PICTURED IT IN MY HEAD. HOW THEY *OFFED* HIM.

NO MORE.

CLICK

4:32:50

TOTENTANZ. 'CEPT THIS TIME THEY'RE WAITIN' ON ME.

GAME OVER

ASSHOLES. CAN'T HELP MAKIN' A SHOW OF IT.

NO CLUE IF I'M STROLLIN' INTO A MEET, OR A NINE-MIL BARREL.

GORILLA, CALIBER, AND...

CLICK

KICKDOWN...

YOU HAVE YOUR FATHER'S EYES.

THE *ACTUAL FUCK*, CALIBER?! THOUGHT WE HAD *A DEAL?*

HELD UP MY END. WANTED KICKDOWN--YA GOT 'IM.

THING IS, MINT, WE POKED AT THAT YARN YOU SPUN US, HIT ONE LITTLE SNAG... *FUCK-ALL* ABOUT IT ADDS UP.

A MOLE, YOU WERE TO HAND US.

NOW YOU HAVE. *YOURSELF.*

CONGRATS. BUT CAN YOU GUESS WHAT'S IN MY RIGHT HAND?

TRANSMITTER--DIRECT TO THE NCPD. PUSH THIS BUTTON AND THE BADGES BLAST THROUGH THESE WALLS *LIKE PAPER.*

CONVO, OR LEAD--*YOUR CHOICE.*

OFFICERS JONES AND ORTIZ ***WIPED*** MY CREW, ***SMEARED*** MY STREET CRED. WHOLE CITY FIGURED ME FOR A ***SNITCH.***

PRETENDING TO WORK FOR 'EM-- ONLY WAY TO CLEAR MY NAME.

WHAT DO THEY WANT FROM ME?

YOUR SHARDS. WANT YOU TO RIP MAXTAC'S KILLER MOVES, SELL THEM ON THE BLACK MARKET.

MAKIN' ***THICK WADS*** OFF MAXTAC? 'THOUT 'EM KNOWIN'?

HELLA FUCKIN' RISKY.

GONNA MAKE KICKDOWN THEIR ***CASH COW.*** THAT IS, 'LESS YOU'VE GOT SOMETHIN' TO SAY ABOUT IT.

ARROGANT MOTHERFUCKERS...

BEEN CIRCLIN' YOU FOR A WHILE NOW--JUST LUCKY THEY CUT A DEAL WITH ***ME.*** I'D ***NEVER DREAM*** OF SELLIN' YOU OUT, BUT IF IT WERE ***ANYONE ELSE...***

...THEY BAG YOU, YOU'LL BE ON ***ALL FOURS*** GETTING ***MILKED DRY.***

THESE BADGES--*WHY* GIVE THEM UP? THE NCPD NEVER FORGIVES, *OR* FORGETS.

'CAUSE I AIN'T A *SNITCH.* 'CAUSE IT'S THE *RIGHT FUCKIN'* *THING TO DO.*

'CAUSE WHEN MY FATHER WAS IN A DEEP, DARK HOLE, *NOBODY* LENT HIM A HAND.

NOT YOU.

NOT YOU.

NOT *YOU.*

I WAS WRONG. YOU HAVE *MORE* THAN HIS EYES.

PAIR O' DIRTY PORKERS THINK THEY CAN *FINGERFUCK* US?

I'LL GRAB THAT TRANSMITTER AND ROUND UP THE PACK, LEAVE 'EM WITH *BLOODY STUMPS* FOR HANDS.

A DEAD OFFICER EQUALS *PROBLEMS.*

MHM...

SEEN A THOUSAND PROBLEMS COME TUGGIN' AT OUR BALLS--SHOOK EVERY ONE OF 'EM. STILL STANDIN', AIN'T WE?

GOT ENOUGH OF THOSE ALREADY.

BADGES NAILED ME ONCE BEFORE. CAN'T RISK A REPEAT.

I TIPPED YOU OFF--NOW I GOTTA GHOST, *STAT.*

FRIENDLY NOMAD FAM CAMPED OUTSIDE NIGHT CITY--MY TICKET OUT.

DID YOUR PART, KID. JEREMY'D BE PROUD AS SHIT.

WHENEVER YOU COME RUNNIN' BACK, IT'S ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT CHEESEBURGS ON ME.

AIN'T COMIN' BACK.

G'LUCK WITH THE BADGES.

'SPECIALLY *YOU,* KICKDOWN. NOT SAVIN' *YOUR SKINNY ASS* A SECOND TIME.

KNOCK KNOCK

EXQUISITE MACHINE...

WHY? ITCHIN' TO BURN SOME RUBBER?

QUARTER-MILE TIME?

UNDER EIGHT SECS.

FAST, FEISTY. IF ONE CAN HANDLE HER...

CUT THE SHIT. KNOW YOU'RE IN OVER YOUR HEAD, WANT OUTTA NC. YOUR CHARIOT AWAITS.

AND NIGHT CITY'S FINEST...?

GORILLA WILL KEEP 'EM BUSY. WHEN'S HE PUNCHIN' THAT TRANSMITTER?

TWO HOURS FROM NOW.

TWO HOURS FROM THEN

GONNA BE TWO OF 'EM.

MORE IF THEY'RE HAULIN' BACKUP.

SECOND THE ROACHES ARE OUT, WE ***RUSH 'EM. CRUSH 'EM.***

FEW MINUTES TILL SHOWTIME.

CLICK

THAT'S OUR CUE.

NCPD

POLICE

PERHAPS IT'S FOR THE BEST, THIS...THE END OF THE ROAD...

DITCHIN' NIGHT CITY. YEAH.

THESE NOMADS OF YOURS...KNOW THEM, *TRUST THEM?*

RAMOS FAMILY. KEPT ME INCOGNITO FOR HALF A YEAR--NOW YOU. FLICKED 'EM A SIG.

BETTER THAT THAN A PAIR OF *DIRTY BADGES,* OR...

GETTIN' OFFED. LIKE MY *FATHER.*

INDEED. LIKE YOUR FATHER.

HE...HIS LUCK DRIED UP, RAN ITS COURSE.

FELL IN WITH ***UNSAVORY CHARACTERS,*** THE ***WRONG*** KIND-- SHADY DEALS STRUCK.

HIS CHARM AND WIT-- MADE HIM ***UNTOUCHABLE,*** HE ALWAYS THOUGHT. THAT TIME...NO.

BUT YOUR FATHER'S SKILL, HIS TALENTS--***NONE*** CAME CLOSE. NOT ***THEN,*** NOT ***SINCE.***

POLICE

MHM, RIGHT. HIS LUCK DRIED UP--THAT'S WHAT GOT HIM...

I MISS JEREMY, DEARLY. OFTEN, I SEE HIM-- STRAY, FLEETING THOUGHTS...

HE CONSIDERED YOU HIS BEST ***FRIEND.***

NOW LEAVING

NIGHT CITY

WE'RE HERE.

A DEBT IS *OWED.*

YOUR RIDE'S HERE.

KNOCK KNOCK

HERE THEY COME!

TONY

WAIT TILL THEY'RE OUT.

BANG

GORILLA, YOU THERE?

GORILLA...?

FUCK THIS...

IF THEY GOT THE DROP ON GORILLA, BADGES COULD SWARM US *ANY MINUTE.*

ROUND EVERYONE UP, GET AN ENGINE RUNNIN'. I'LL WIPE OUR TRACKS.

WE'RE DITCHIN' THE CLUB. *NOW.*

SHIT-WEASELS HAD TO'VE KNOWN.

BEEP BEEP

ERASING DATA

BANG

BA
NG

BANG

THOOMP

'BOUT FUCKIN' TIME. YOU'RE *OURS* NOW!

MINT?! WHAT-- WHY...?!

WONDERED IF YOU'D MAKE A BAD CALL...

...AND YET *HERE* YOU ARE.

HESITATE EVEN ONCE?

YOU'RE RIGHT. NONE OF MY BIZ.

ONE LAST THING.

HOW THINGS PLAYED OUT, THE OPTICS--CLEAR AS DAY TO YOU, I TRUST. NO WITNESSES, NO SURVIVORS.

NOT A SINGLE ONE.

BANG BANG
BANG BANG

"HIS LUCK DRIED UP," KICKDOWN SAID--WHAT GOT MY DAD IN THE END.

WRONG.

THE MAN WAS...

...HE WAS JUST *TOO GODDAMN SOFT.*

ALE

BROSE

HE TRUSTED FOLK--PAID THE PRICE.

THEY'RE STILL KICKIN'--*HE* AIN'T.

SAID I'M *NOTHIN'* LIKE 'IM, EVERY LAST ONE.

DAMN STRAIGHT.

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"